

EXTRA
DRISCOLL HANGED.

The Whyo Chief Executed in the Tombs.

Pale, but Facing His Fate Without a Tremor.

A Request to the Hangman to do His Work Quickly.

Bezy Garrity's Murder at Last Avenged by the Law.

The Condemned Man Awakes Early and Writes a Letter to His Wife—Walking to the Gallows Between Two Priests—A Message to Warden Walsh Asking Forgiveness—A Solemn Spectacle Under the Gallows—The Rope Cut at Precisely 7.24—Death Instantaneous—Commodore Gerry's Words of Approval—Arrangements for the Funeral.

As the first rays of the rising sun lighted up the cold gray walls of the Tombs this morning, Dan Driscoll, the Whyo chief, was led to the gallows to pay the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of Bezy Garrity. A moment later THE EVENING WORLD'S extra, by an instantaneous signal sent from the prison as the weight fell, gave the public the first information that the crime had been avenged.

Driscoll walked to the rope with a face ghastly pale, but otherwise did not show that he realized that he stood face to face with death. Without an instant's delay the hangman gave the signal and the murderer silently passed to a higher tribunal.

The drop fell at 7.24.

The execution of Driscoll was almost without incident. It was the recurrence of the solemn scene which the law of this State says shall take place when the courts declare that a life shall be forfeited.

Driscoll was a man who had shown in his life fear of neither God nor man, and yet the solemn spectacle that met his wandering eyes as he stepped from the hot prison corridor into the cold morning air moved him to fervently kiss the crucifix that was held out to him and to move his lips in prayer.

The condemned man was no longer the defiant Whyo, with his old-time manner of flippancy and contempt. He saw the officers of the law in sombre black, the anxious hangman ready to welcome him, and beyond, the hemp rope twisting slowly back and forth.

All were silent, and he heard no sound but his own footsteps upon the hard paving of the prison yard. The dreadful silence struck him forcibly, and he whispered in Father Pendegast's ear: "Please ask Warden Walsh to forgive me for what I have said and done to him."

It was feared by those who well knew the desperate character of the Whyo that he would resist at the last moment and cause trouble. Sheriff Grant, who had been prepared and every precaution had been taken to prevent any demonstration.

Morbid curiosity had prompted many persons to apply to the Sheriff for permission to see the execution, but he refused to allow any witnesses inside the Tombs except his deputies and the coroner's jury. Elbridge T. Gerry, a member of the commission appointed to determine the best methods of executing criminals, asked to see the hanging, and he was appointed a member of the coroner's jury. The remaining eleven members were representatives of the press, and among them a reporter for THE EVENING WORLD.

Sheriff Grant's deputies were fourteen in number, as follows:

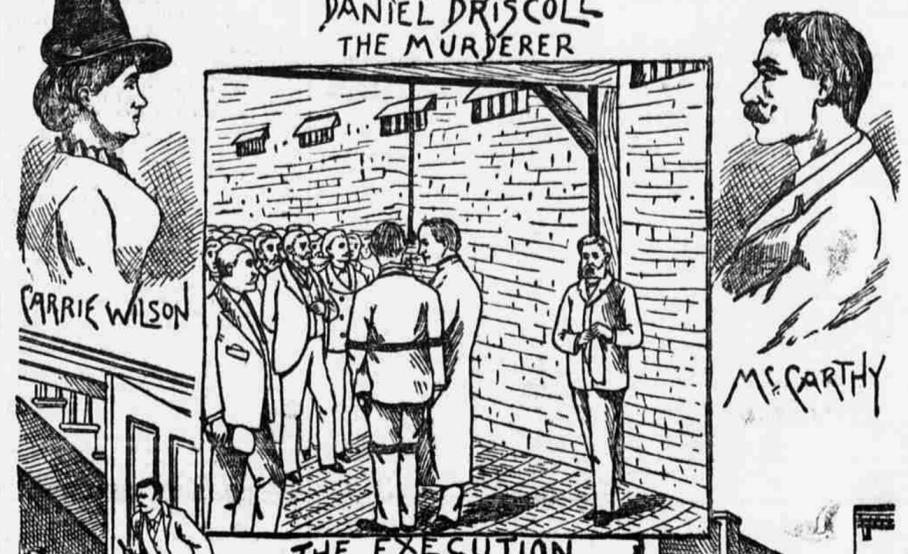
John O. Stevens, Peter McGinnes, John Lavery, Paul F. Walsh, James Young, Charles White, Charles Anderson, Henry Driscoll, Lawrence Delmore, James Carragher, Wm. Burke, Thomas Carroll, Sam. Haney and John Fatman.

Sheriff Grant was dressed in black throughout, as were all of his deputies, and they carried little silver-tipped staves as insignia of office in addition to the badges displayed on their chests.

At 7.15 Sheriff Grant marshaled his force in the office of Warden Walsh, and with measured step they marched two by two through the corridors. All but five of the deputies were stationed out of sight of the gallows.

The Sheriff cast a hasty glance about the prison yard, spoke a few words with Hangman Atkinson, and then, notwithstanding his five selected deputies, entered the prison where the condemned man was pacing his cell.

Sheriff Grant said a pleasant "good-morning" to Driscoll, and the latter replied that he was feeling very well. In answer to the question if Sheriff Grant could do anything for him the Whyo said that everything he desired had already been done.



well I would have no objection to hanging. But where death is caused by suffocation and not by breaking the neck, hanging is a poor method. It is the ever present uncertainty that commends other methods than this for execution.

When Warden Walsh was told that Driscoll had asked for his forgiveness he shook his head and said:

"He was a very bad man. I don't know about forgiving him. It is too late now. He ought to have thought of that before."

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

After being cut down the body was given in charge of Undertaker John F. Whelan, who placed it in a stained deal coffin, and removed it in a covered wagon to his establishment at 496 Pearl street.

A crowd of curious people who saw the wagon leave the Franklin street entrance of the Tombs ran after it, but were prevented from following by a number of blue-coats.

Mr. Whelan said that no arrangements have yet been made for the wake or funeral. All that he did know was that Driscoll's body was to be buried beside that of his child in Calvary Cemetery and that a more expensive casket than that in which it was removed from the Tombs would be provided.

Driscoll wrote a last letter to his wife last night, which was entrusted to Deputy Sheriff Delmore and by him handed to Undertaker Whelan, who had not delivered it at noon.

It is said that the executed man gave directions with reference to the disposal of his body. His desire, it is understood, is that the body shall be left at the undertaking rooms until Wednesday, when the funeral will be held, without a wake. Driscoll asked that the seal ring he wore on his left hand be given to his brother Henry, and that the crucifix be buried with him in the coffin. He requested that no one save members of his family be allowed to gaze upon his face.

The Rev. Father Pendegast issued a permit for the burial of the body in consecrated ground.

THE SCENE IN THE CELL.

Joe Atkinson, the hangman, who has officiated at all of the executions which have taken place in the Tombs for years past, was seen after the hanging. He is an excitable little man, about forty-five years of age. He ex-

WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT

"THE EVENING WORLD" AHEAD OF ALL ITS RIVALS WITH THE NEWS.

Findings of Driscoll's Execution Instantaneously Flashing from Roof and Tower Between the Tombs and The Evening World to Offices—Spectacular Work by a Novel and Ingenious Signal-Service Corps.

Of course THE EVENING WORLD was the first newspaper on the street with an account of Driscoll's execution. This latest victory was achieved by a novel and ingenious method, which, so far as is known, was never before used in journalism in this city and by which not only time and space but also the steel bars and massive walls of the Tombs were overcome. A description of it cannot fail to interest the readers of THE EVENING WORLD.

To secure the prompt receipt of the news, a signal service corps was organized and carefully trained. So thorough were the preparations and so well were the plans carried out that every detail was executed with the accuracy of clockwork, and the news was flashed by quick-eyed observers from the Tombs to THE EVENING WORLD office with the quickness of thought.

Electricity itself was at a discount and left behind. It should be stated that when Sheriff Grant and his deputies arrived at the Tombs the doors were double locked, and no one was allowed to go out until the body of the executed murderer had been taken down and placed in a coffin, and the coroner's jury had rendered their verdict.

The scheme worked to perfection, he said. "As soon as the signal was given by the man on the Leonard street building the big red flag was flying on the shot tower, and a second or two later was answered by the Colwell Company, being more of an athlete than the sturdy watchman, was a companion of THE EVENING WORLD representative on the roof of the tower."

Mr. Gerow, the President of the American Athletic Club and employed by the Colwell Company, being more of an athlete than the sturdy watchman, was a companion of THE EVENING WORLD representative on the roof of the tower.

Mr. Gerow was quite right in saying that not ten seconds was lost, because the transmission of the news occupied less than two seconds.

C. O. Tracy, the foreman of the shop, and T. B. Murray, his assistant, were also interested in the success of the enterprise. It was Mr. Murray who hoisted the big flag up to the top of the tower with the dummy.

A careful reconnaissance of the buildings on Elm, Leonard and Franklin streets showed that from the roof of a huge five-story tenement on Leonard street an excellent view could be obtained of a large section of the prison yard, close to the gallows, including the reporters' stand and the line of deputy sheriffs.

Two blocks distant from the roof of that tenement, and in the direction of the Colwell World office, the lofty shot tower of the Colwell Lead Company, 300 feet high, and one of the landmarks of the city, looms up against the sky. The tower is reached by successive flights of iron steps. The roof is flat, and is surrounded by a double iron railing. Though the tower is a long way from the Evening World office its great height makes the roof clearly visible from the editorial rooms, and thus a direct chain of communication was formed between the scene of the execution and the office of THE EVENING WORLD.

In the gloom of the early morning, long before sunrise, three reporters left the office of THE EVENING WORLD. Two carried huge red lanterns, the poles of which were fully ten feet long.

By the kindness of Foreman Tracy, of the Colwell Shot and Lead Company, one of the young men was admitted to the base of the shot tower, and he laboriously climbed its myriad steps to the roof, carrying his flag with him.

Another reporter took up his position on the apex of the roof of the Leonard street tenement and looked down into the jail-yard.

Gerow, of the Colwell Lead Company, who accompanied the reporter to the top of the shot tower, fired off a red Colston signal light, which the reporter had with him in case the early morning darkness should prevent the flag signals being seen.



THE SIGNAL FROM THE ROOF OVERLOOKING THE TOMBS YARD.

The observer of THE EVENING WORLD signal-service bureau who was stationed on the Leonard street tower, was admitted, carrying a big red banner, by Thomas Dougherty, the watchman.

It was about a quarter past six when I let him in," said Watchman Dougherty later in the day, "and we started right away for the top of the tower. It's a long climb, and it was half-past six before we reached the top. We could not carry the flag up with us on account of the length of the staff, so it was tied to the dummy and hoisted up after us."

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EXTRA
SHOCK KILLED HIM.

Dempsey's Death Said to be Due to Swipes's Blows.

The Men Were Drunk When the Fight Took Place.

County Physician Shepard, of Brooklyn, Makes a Post-Mortem Examination, and Says that Death Resulted from Heart Failure Following Upon Excitement, or a Blow, or Both—Swipes Tells His Story.

Simon Besser, known to "sports" as "Swipes the Newboy," who is charged with homicide, sat weeping in a cell at Precinct Station 1, in Brooklyn, this morning when an EVENING WORLD reporter called to see him.

His story of the occurrence at Fort Hamilton, which ended abruptly yesterday morning in the death of "Bill" Dempsey, differs somewhat from that of the other known parties. He said, punctuating his statement with sobs and applications of a handkerchief to his eyes.

"I am nineteen years old; I live at the Newsboys' Lodging-House in New York, and I ain't got no friends. I guess my fardar's living in Hartford, but I don't know. I was told by Eddie McDonald that dere was to be a fight over Jamaica way Saturday night. I told my friends dat we could all get in, and we went. Dempsey was with us."

"We drank and got pretty full before we left New York, and when we got over to Thompson's, at Fort Hamilton, de men—Fatsy O'Brien and Dan Cushing, Mike's brother—didn't come. We had some more drinks and was drunk. They said the fight was for a gold watch and chain."

"Den dey put up for a fight between me and Dempsey. We didn't care. I didn't hit him more'n twice. Dey told me to 'cut,' and I went away. I got over to New York and went to bed at the Windsor lodging-house on the Bowery. It was 2 o'clock or so, and Eddie McDonald pulled me out at 4 o'clock."

"Bill Dempsey lies on a couch in the rear room of his decently furnished home, second floor of 29 Hicks street, Brooklyn. His grief-stricken, pretty little wife of sixteen months wanders from room to room. Her babe in arms completes the household."

Dempsey was twenty-four years old and a steady, decent young husband. His father is Daniel Dempsey, who was retired from the New York Fire Department on half pay in 1884 for disabilities received by suffocation in the Windsor Theatre fire in 1880.

He was famous once in hunting down the Ludlow-street frebuge. He is now in the packing department at Ridley's, and lives with his wife at 111 Madison street. He bears no ill-feeling towards Swipes. He says that he did not know his son ever fought.

Young Dempsey had been eight years in the employ of an evening newspaper. Last week he received a promotion in the press-room with a nice increase of salary. He had lived with his young wife and baby at 29 Hicks street only one month.

County Physician A. W. Shepard conducted an autopsy at noon. He found no evidence of violence on the body. The brain, heart and stomach were healthy. There were traces of alcohol in the stomach and consequent congestion. Death resulted from syncope or shock (heart failure) following upon excitement, or a blow (if one were received) or both.

Swipes's story of two blows, one on the chest and the other on the right side of the neck, seems to be untrue. There was a black and blue spot on the neck, but it had no effect further. There was no sign of the blow on the temple described by those who saw the fight. An inquest will be held to-morrow evening.

The funeral will occur Wednesday at 2 o'clock from the house and the interment at Calvary Cemetery.

New Orleans Entries. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 22.—The entries for the races to-morrow are as follows. The weather is cloudy, with light rain:

First Race.—Purse \$500, for all ages; selling allowance; half mile. 25
Fanchon..... 26
Juno Hug..... 27
Gray Eye..... 28
Second Race.—Purse \$500, for all ages; selling allowance; five furlongs. 29
Archbishop..... 30
Nearsy Bessy..... 31
Avery..... 32
Third Race.—Purse \$500, for all ages; selling allowance; three-quarters of a mile. 33
Jim Gordon..... 34
Frank Clapp..... 35
Frasco..... 36
Fourth Race.—Purse \$500, a handicap, for all ages; seven furlongs. 37
St. Valentine..... 38
Vic Williams..... 39
Kennebec..... 40

Racing at Catterburg To-Day.
Following are the results of to-day's races at Catterburg:
First race, three-quarters of a mile, won by Liberty, Colman second, Tandy third. Time, 1:10.
Second race, five-eighths of a mile, won by Maczumar, John Kyles second, Bloss third. Time, 1:07.
Third race, five-eighths of a mile, won by Nimrod, Fred Davis second, Trade Dolla third. Time, 1:06.

Big Fire at Paterson. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 22.—The frame shop of the Rogers Locomotive Works here was destroyed by a fire at 11 o'clock this forenoon. The damage will amount to reach \$10,000.

Nothing Heard From the Servis.
Up to a late hour this afternoon nothing had been heard of the Canadian Servis, which was despatched yesterday. She has on board Connel, the Irish long-distance runner, and several English walkers, who came to compete in the six-day walking match.

Dr. Melis Commits Suicide.
Dr. George S. Melis, dentist of 125 West Thirty-fourth street, committed suicide at 1 o'clock this afternoon by taking a dose of poison.

Herrah! Skating Everywhere.
CITY PARK at SKATING, 241 Broadway, 100-100 and close a pair. All classes, all sizes, best skates.

Closing Quotations To-Day

Quotation	Open	High	Low	Close
Chicago Southern	5 1/4	5 3/4	5 1/4	5 1/4
Chicago & North-west	10 1/2	10 3/4	10 1/2	10 1/2
Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul	11 1/2	11 3/4	11 1/2	11 1/2
Col. & Rockingford	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Grand Trunk	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Den. & West.	1 1/2	1 3/4	1 1/2	1 1/2
Denver & Rio Grande	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Potomac	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Maryland	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Pennsylvania	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Washington	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Chesapeake	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Annapolis	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Baltimore	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Philadelphia	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & New York	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Washington	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Annapolis	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Baltimore	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & Philadelphia	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2
Del. & New York	2 1/2	2 3/4	2 1/2	2 1/2

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Another reporter took up his position on the apex of the roof of the Leonard street tenement and looked down into the jail-yard.

The minutes flew by and the glorious sun rose, gilding the tops of the buildings around and beautifying even the grim old Tombs with its rays.

When the young man on the roof turned his face to the southward he saw the tall form of his colleague clearly outlined against the darker sky. Looking down towards the Tombs he saw the deputy sheriff's gathering around the scaffold. A few moments later Sheriff Grant waved his hand and the reporters took their seats at the long pine table erected for their use.

THE EVENING WORLD man on the tenement-house roof kept his eyes fixed on his colleague at the reporter's table. At 7.23 the funeral procession came out of the door of the boys' prison. Driscoll walked slowly towards the gallows.

A moment later THE EVENING WORLD reporter heard the heavy weight fall at the blow of the executioner's axe, and simultaneously THE EVENING WORLD reporter in sight of the scaffold waved a handkerchief.

That very instant the signal flags waved from the roof of the Leonard street tenement and on top of the shot-tower, and were at once seen by a young man with field-glasses seated at the window of THE EVENING WORLD office.

In a fit of wild enthusiasm Engineer

HIS LAST DAY ON EARTH.
Driscoll Sleeps Peace, Kate Well and Smokeless—Familiar Agencies.
The soft, sweet notes of the little organ and voices raised in hymns of praise to One who watches over the destinies of us all. (Continued on Fourth Page.)